

Here's where it gets Freaky

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Here's where it gets Freaky

by [RankstrailOfDagliar](#)

Summary

Smut that's not always consensual or sane, but written in a "porny" style, featuring Bottom Dream.

Introduction

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

This fic includes more risky stuff. Namely some non-con or not so sane con. It's never written in a "hard" style, if that makes sense, envision a more porny style ;)

Pairings, Kinks and Warnings will be listed at the beginning of each chapter.

Disclaimer for the whole fic:

This is (obviously) about the Personas/Characters, not the CCs!

If you don't like it, don't read it. Constructive criticism is always appreciated, but senseless hate will be deleted.

That being said, hope you have fun, comments and kudos are always very much appreciated! <3

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Chapter 3: George/Dream, Tentacle Dubcon with Inflation

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Chapter End Notes

Form for Bottom Dream prompt requests:

https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSfyOFi6hNuydnDXQg5yr2qr5CnUPIWQyQpmcOjN2usp=sf_link

Technoblade/Dream: Dream sneaks into Techno's Bastion

Chapter Summary

Prompt: Mistake

Pairing: Technoblade/Dream

Kinks/Warnings: Manhandling, Non-Con turning to Dubcon, Size Difference

Dream sneaks into a Bastion during a manhunt. The Piglin living there is less pleased about that and teaches the human his place.

Dream had just made a mistake. A huge fucking mistake.

Sure, he was good, he was a formidable fighter, but even more than that, he was an insane climber and could be quite stealthy when he wanted to be.

All that made him think he could sneak into a bastion during a manhunt. And not just one of the ruined bastions that lay strewn across the nether, no, a real, full on intact bastion.

He thought his friends would never dare follow him there, and now he knew why.

Before him stood a Piglin Brute. He was at least a head taller than Dream and surely double his weight, a tree of pure muscle, his arms covered in scars. And from the crown on his head and the red cape wallowing behind him Dream could deduce he wasn't just a normal Piglin.

And Dream had just interrupted said Piglin from whatever work he was doing in what seemed like a bedroom, a huge pile of furs in one corner, reminiscent of a nest.

And the Piglin was angry.

Dream barely understood a word he grunted in the Piglin language, but his body language and expression were clear enough.

The fight lasted barely a minute. It was pathetic, really, even though Dream had patchy iron armor and a stone axe, the Piglin overpowered him with just fists and pure strength. The axe was wrenched from his grasp as a fist like a brick hit the side of his face, making him see stars and fall to the warm blackstone floor.

The Piglin grunted something sounding like "lesson" and "stupid human", and while Dream still fought to get back his bearings and stop the ringing in his ears, the Piglin pried the iron chestplate and leggings from him. Then he grabbed the front of his hoodie and pulled him over towards the edge of the room, towards the nest.

Dream hit his arms, but the Piglin didn't even flinch, burying his fist in Dream's stomach, making the human double over and gasp desperately. Then, the Piglin flipped him over onto his belly, and oh shit, Dream had an idea where this was going when the Piglin pulled down his pants without much fanfare.

Dream protested and trashed, pushing himself up to his elbows. The Piglin simply straddled his hip and wrenched his arms behind him, holding them in an iron grip as he began grinding on Dream's

naked ass.

And oh Ender- Dream could *feel* him. Even though the Piglin still wore his own pants, the pure size of him was more than enough to feel him grow even harder as he grinded against the helpless human.

The Piglin shifted his grip, letting go of his wrists. Dream started struggling harder again, but one hand in between his shoulder blades paired with the Piglin's weight was enough to reduce his arms to flailing appendices, not really doing anything.

With his free hand, the Piglin pulled down his own pants. Dream trashed again when he felt something enter his ass. Luckily, it was just one finger, though it was so thick that it still stretched his hole a *lot*. He groaned as the Piglin wriggled it around, soon adding a second finger. It was far too early, and the stretch made him gasp and whine as the Piglin scissored him with practical but experienced movements.

Those two fingers were already more than Dream ever had up his ass, it felt as if Dream's whole fucking fist would be about the circumference of those two fingers, and his mind swirled when he thought about what would come next.

The Piglin added a third finger, and Dream cried out against the furs. It was far too much, the pure stretch in addition with hints of pain sending very clear signals straight to his own dick.

Seriously? Here he was getting fingered to an inch of his life, the girth of just the *fingers* already too much, and his dick was like "oh nice, getting filled, we like that". Apparently his own body was more of a size queen than even Dream knew. Especially when the fingers unintentionally brushed his prostate, making him bite down a moan.

Thankfully, the fingers pulled out after a few agonizing minutes. Then he felt the heavy weight of something in between his cheeks. Pure fucking dread filled his head, and he struggled anew, but the hand the Piglin had on back was enough to keep him in place, pushing him into the furs.

He protested loudly when he felt a blunt pressure at the entrance of his ass. All logical thought fled his mind, however, when the Piglin started pushing in. It was far far too big, no fucking way that thing would ever fit inside him. With a squelching sound, the tip of the cock sunk into Dream, and oh Ender, it already felt as if it was tearing him apart, his outer rim stretched far beyond comfort.

The Piglin gave him a moment to remember how to breathe, but far too soon, he began pushing in again further. All protests had turned to mindless babbling as the cock was forced inch by inch into him. The stretch was beyond anything he had ever experienced, the huge thing prying his walls apart and squeezing itself further into Dream's tightness. Then, at some point, he felt himself reach his limit, sagging bonelessly against the furs.

The Piglin paused, then, and Dream realized with a jolt of terror that the Piglin hadn't bottomed out yet. There was no fucking way even more of this monstrous thing fit inside him, the Piglin had to know that!

After a few minutes when the Piglin waited for Dream to just fucking survive, he started moving again. Dream cried out in protest, but the Piglin just pushed him into the furs as he buried even more of his cock in Dream's rectum. The stretch was absolutely insane, he had never felt even remotely this stuffed before, feeling his organs rearrange themselves around the huge intrusion. All he could do was gape helplessly as he finally, *finally* felt the Piglin's hips against his ass.

The Piglin let out a shaky groan as he sheathed himself fully into Dream, the latter reduced to a

gaping and drooling mess. He gave the human a few moments, then slowly started moving. Just a few inches in and out of Dream's ass, slowly pulling back to slam back deep into the human's hot hole.

The breath was punched out of Dream's lungs each time the Piglin bottomed out, his hands no longer trying to get the Piglin off, but rather gripping the sheets tightly in an effort to ground himself. The stretch was still enough to fill all of Dream's thoughts, but slowly he began to also enjoy the pure girth of the Piglin, blood surging straight to his own dick.

The Piglin seemed to sense the human's arousal, as he started to pick up the pace, pulling further back just to thrust back hard, with time tearing subdued moans from the human's lips.

Dream cursed his own body betraying him like that, but he couldn't deny the huge cock pumping in and out of him felt fucking good. His hole was still stretched far beyond comfort, but he found that he *liked* it. He liked the feeling of the Piglin's cock forcing itself into him, rearranging his organs and pushing his walls apart.

He liked it even more when the Piglin lifted the hand from his back to grip his hips with both of his huge hands, grip surely bruising. He held Dream flush against the furs, now pistoning in and out of him in earnest. The human just lay beneath him, no other choice but to *take* it, hands gripping the furs tightly.

He forgot all sense of dignity or pride as he moaned every time the Piglin slammed into him, drool dribbling past his lips. The Piglin had angled himself so every thrust of his slammed right past Dream's prostate, sending pure bliss through Dream's body. Each harsh thrust sent him forwards a bit, only held by the tight grip the Piglin had on his hips.

The Piglin's breath had picked up as well, low grunts filling the room as he fucked the human into the furs. He went even faster, and Dream felt himself grow impossibly hard. His own cock was trapped between his body and the furs, but each thrust from the Piglin sent him scraping over the furs, the pressure enough to soon make him cum with a scream.

He floated as the Piglin fucked him through his orgasm, moaning unabashadely.

Soon, though, it turned too much, and he whined as the Piglin continued plowing into him at breakneck speed. His cries just seemed to spur the Piglin on even more, as he forced himself even deeper, hips stuttering as he came as well.

And oh Ender, did he come.

His cum was hot, bordering painful, and so fucking much. He filled up parts of Dream he didn't even know existed, pumping out of him spurt after spurt.

Dream lay bonelessly against the furs when the Piglin shuddered inside him, slowly pulling out with a wet squelch. Dream still felt the hot cum buried deep inside his gut, his hole suddenly gapingly empty. He would feel a loss at that, if he weren't so exhausted.

When he slowly drifted to unconsciousness, he thought he felt the Piglin stroking a hand over his ass, grunting something that sounded suspiciously like "mine".

George/Dream: Mushroom Nymph George catches Dream alone in the Woods

Chapter Summary

Prompt: Inflation

Pairing: George/Dream

Kinks/Warnings: Tentacles, Non-Con to Dubcon, Size Difference, Inflation, Brainwashing

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dream was lost. Utterly lost.

He pulled out the map again, the wooden mansion he was originally headed for a brown rectangle on the north side. Problem was, he was pretty sure he had walked past it at some point. The direction he was heading should have been north, but somehow all he could see around him were dark oak trees and mushrooms.

With a frustrated growl, he stuffed the map back into his pocket, made sure he was still heading north, and kept walking.

The trees and mushrooms only seemed to grow thicker and thicker, though, to a point where it was really hard to even get through. He pulled out his axe to cut himself a way through all the vines and the flesh of the mushrooms.

It was a strenuous task, and soon his arms were burning with exhaustion. He grumbled again, cursing himself for being so greedy after a God Apple he *might* only be finding in the damned mansion.

With a defeated sigh, he sheathed his axe and plopped to the ground. For a few minutes, he just sat there, wallowing in self-pity, until he decided that maybe a nap could help his deteriorating motivation.

He bunched his cloak up beneath his head and lay down next to one of the huge oak trees. It took a few minutes but then he felt his eyelids grow heavy and he drifted into a light sleep.

Dream awoke with a start when he felt something brush his calves. Instinctively, he leapt to his feet, only to fall flat back on his face when said feet didn't cooperate. He groaned, only now noticing the vines encircling his ankles and creeping up his legs. His eyes widened, and he frantically tore at the vines trapping his legs. They didn't budge, however, and Dream heard a soft giggling from in front of him.

He looked up, only to see... someone. The thing looked somewhat humanoid, with two legs, a torso and a head. The upper arms, however, split at the elbows and grew into multiple thick strands, two of them currently wrapped around his legs. Its skin was a dark brown, an almost bark-like texture with small mushrooms growing from the spaces in between. The face was what looked

the most humanoid, relatively pale compared to the rest of the body, with black eyes glinting with intrigue.

Shit. A Nymph.

Dream's gaze was torn from the being, though, when the vines began creeping up his thighs, close to regions Dream did not want a Nymph to be close to. His attempts at tearing at the vines were cut short, though, when two more suddenly encircled his wrists. He struggled fruitlessly against the unbudging things which now crept up his arms, forcing his hands away from his body.

With a snarl, he hissed at the Nymph: "What the fuck do you want?"

The Nymph only grinned, exposing rows of sharp teeth, and looked down towards its own abdomen. And oh shit, okay, it was a he, definitely, and the pure size of the thing was causing sweat to break out from Dream's skin.

"No no no no, don't even think about it, please, I got - uhm - gold and uh, steak or uh, whatever the fuck you want, just-", his babbling was interrupted by another vine sneaking around his neck and using the chance to slither past his lips.

The second the thing intruded, Dream bit down *hard* on it. It didn't even react. It had a slightly slimy surface and a soft, almost rubber-like consistency. It invaded his mouth, soon reaching his throat, causing him to gag, only to push past unrelentingly, burying itself deep in Dream's throat. It tasted almost sweet, and Dream thought he felt something run from its tip straight into his stomach.

The tentacles on his body hadn't remained idle, either, busy with encircling his body more and more, all the while systematically getting rid of his clothes. Any struggling on his part was entirely useless, as the vines had lifted him in the air at this point, arms and legs apart. He shivered as one vine slithered over his now exposed nipples, the soft touch sending hot sparks through his body.

The Nymph only stood there, watching with glee. The vines stretched his legs apart further, and Dream felt a dull pressure on his hole. His muffled protests were ignored, of course, as the thin tentacle pushed its way past his tight ring of muscles, its slimy surface allowing it to slip inside with ease.

And it felt *good*, Dream noted with surprise.

Hell, after a few moments, it even felt like not enough, the tiny thing barely enough to even stretch him. His stomach started to feel weirdly full as the thin tentacle in his ass continued slithering into him, its diameter rapidly growing with each inch it went.

It was good, yes, but Dream wanted *more*. He moaned around the vine still lodged deeply inside his throat, arching his back to get the vine deeper inside him. Then, it brushed his prostate, and hot sparks of pleasure went right to his dick.

The thing merely teased him, though, barely providing any friction as it slid back and forth inside his ass. Then, it subsided completely, pulling out all the way. Dream actually whined around his gag, arching his back once more to chase after the vine.

He didn't have to wait for long, though, as he felt another vine against his ass. This one was significantly bigger, and Dream hummed with pleasure as it began forcing its way inside, stretching his walls with its girth. It went deep, reaching regions of his rectum he didn't even know he had, pressing against his prostate *so good*. Then, it began rocking back and forth in him, stroking past his sensitive insides and his prostate.

He heard the Nymph giggle again, and felt his legs being lifted in front of him, then up. He was folded in half by the vines, not that he particularly cared with the thick vine still pumping in and out of his ass. It felt amazing, though Dream couldn't help but wish it was somehow... more. And thicker. Just then, the vine withdrew, leaving Dream feeling terribly empty, wriggling in his bonds at the loss.

His glazed over eyes shot downwards when he felt something else touch his exposed hips.

The Nymph had approached him, and Dream almost choked on the tentacle still buried deep down his throat when the forest creature laid its cock down on Dream's stomach, just past his own straining dick. The thing was absolutely huge, but all Dream could think about was how good it would fill him up. He whined through his gag and tore at his bonds once more. He wanted the cock inside him.

The Nymph noticed his struggle, grinning slightly while rubbing its member teasingly over his skin. The vines held Dream tight, and he could only gasp in relief when the huge cock finally lined up with his hole. Somehow, he managed to rock himself a bit forward despite the tentacles, and buzzing pleasure shot up his abdomen when the cock brushed his hungry hole.

Finally, the Nymph had mercy, and with a grunt, it slammed itself into Dream in one go.

Dream *screamed* around his gag, it was so so much. Too much.

All his nerves went completely haywire as his walls were stretched further than he thought possible. His chest rose and fell rapidly as his body fought to just keep some semblance of sanity as the cock rearranged his insides. He could feel the harsh bark of the Nymph's hips where they were pressed against his ass.

Soon, *very* soon, though, he grew impatient, yes, being stuffed like that was amazing and all, but couldn't the Nymph do something *more*? It seemed to hear his silent pleas as it started to move its hips back, just to slam into Dream once more. The force of the thrust punched a muffled gasp out of him, and he subconsciously grabbed at the vines holding him captive as the Nymph started slamming into him again and again.

The gasps turned to moans, and before long, Dream was shouting out his pure ecstasy through the gag as the Nymph pistoned in and out of him, hitting his prostate spot-on every time.

Time became a blur as he barely held onto the threads of sanity. He must have come a few times judging by the stickiness of his stomach, not that he distinctly remembered, lost in a swirl of pleasure and ecstasy.

The vines bent him even further as the Nymph somehow managed to go even deeper, burying itself further in Dream with each thrust. The pounding slowed and with a last effort, the Nymph slammed its cock deep into Dream, holding him tight with the tentacles as warm liquid seeped into the human. It felt indescribable, and Dream came another time, cock long since milked dry.

It didn't stop though, the Nymph's come continuing to spurt from its monstrous dick.

Dream had thought he was stuffed to the limit with the cock alone. He was wrong.

The liquid forced its way deep into his guts, and he felt his stomach getting stretched unnaturally. He was too out of it to concentrate, but judging by the pure fullness and weight he felt, a bulge must have been visible on his stomach.

After what felt like an eternity, the cock slowly withdrew from his hole, and he felt a brief sliver of

panic at the loss only to sigh in relief when a tentacle immediately buried itself in his ass, effectively plugging it.

The tentacles shifted, positioning him back on the ground. He looked at the Nymph, dazed, as the vines positioned him with his arms on his side and his feet pulled straight. Then, they tightly wrapped around him, enveloping him almost like a cocoon. The one in his ass still held tight, and one was still buried deep down his throat.

The Nymph smiled down at him, and all Dream could think as his stomach started feeling full again was how he hoped it would keep him. A purr-like sound escaped his stuffed mouth when the Nymph continued to possessively wrap its tentacles around him.

He felt absolutely safe, knowing the Nymph would never let him go again.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for the lovely comments on the first prompt, the feedback absolutely blew my mind! <3

As always, if you liked it, comments and kudos are very much appreciated ;)

Technoblade/Dream: Suicide Squad Intro Part I

Chapter Summary

Prompt: Menace

Pairing: Technoblade/Dream

Kinks/Warnings: Unnamed Character Death, Exhibitionism, Possessiveness, Hints of Objectification, Power Bottom Dream, Sluttiness

Pretty much the Harley Quinn/Joker club scene from Suicide Squad but with a twist.

Some mobster is interested in a dancing Dream, but he doesn't know that Dream is Techno's, and Dream makes sure to remind him.

This is very much consensual, but definitely not safe or sane.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Congratulations on the Manhattan job, bro. That was amazing, I mean with the...”

Techno tuned out the blatant bootlicking of the man in front of him with a figurative eye roll. His second-in-command, Phil, had recommended the mobster for potential partnership because of his high stakes in the drug circulation on the upper east side, an area the Syndicate had only dabbled in a bit, not yet having a real foothold like they had pretty much everywhere else in New York.

Turns out, though, the man was an idiot. Or at least the worst at reading Techno's obvious disinterest in being flattered.

He let his eyes wander over the club they were currently situated at, a small VIP area capable of housing maybe a hundred patrons. Some were quietly talking in corners, some, like his lover, danced and drank. The heist yesterday had gone well, and the Syndicate was celebrating.

The mobster in front of him had finally gotten the hint of Techno not being interested in bootlicking, and followed Techno's gaze, eyes stopping at the sight of Techno's lover.

Techno smirked to himself, Dream did indeed look heavenly tonight. His shoulder-length blonde hair was put up into a messy ponytail, strands falling out and framing his freckled face. The freckles continued down his neck, shoulders and torso, barely concealed by the black cropped top that stopped just above his abs. His short black skirt swayed as he danced on the pole, revealing glimpses of bright green lingerie underneath.

His eyes were half-lidded in concentration, his tanned lean body glistening with a thin layer of sweat when his muscles flexed around the pole as he masterfully climbed and swung around it, despite the heavy leather boots he wore. The movements were athletic and more than a bit sensual, he made sure to spread his legs once he noticed Techno was watching him.

Techno smiled softly as he saw that Dream was - of course - the center of attention in the club, patrons crossing their legs with a self-conscious blush or regarding him with open admiration and intrigue. And Techno knew that his lover enjoyed every second of it, he relished in the fact that he knew that this was *his*, that *Dream* was his.

They had an open relationship, and Techno was very much aware of the fact that he wasn't the only one Dream bent over for. Techno was leading the biggest crime ring in the city, and he was quite busy. But in the end, while Dream may have other partners, he belonged only to Techno. The black choker on his neck with a boar pendant was visible proof of that. And beneath the black skirt, on the top of his thigh, there was a pattern of scars Techno had lovingly carved into Dream's skin himself.

The bootlicking man was still oogling Dream, and Techno decided at this moment to have a bit of fun, fuck the business opportunity. He wanted to see what Dream would do.

He chuckled: "Like what you see?"

The man jumped a bit. "Ugh, yeah, I guess... ehm ... I know he's your - ehm - so..."

Techno smiled kindly. "Ah, it's not an issue, you see. We're quite open, so if you want him, just say so."

The mobster scratched his neck self-consciously, before he smacked his thighs, now more confident. "Sure, I'd love to. He's quite something."

Techno nodded benevolently, sticking two fingers into his mouth to whistle for Dream.

His lover turned to him, from where he hung on the pole, head tilted in a silent question. Techno gestured to the man sitting opposite him, grinning.

Dream got the hint and swung down, sauntering over with his hips swaying. He panted slightly from the exertion, freckled cheeks tinted red. He beamed at Techno, leaning over the circular bench Techno and the man were currently seated at.

"What is it, honey?"

Techno tucked a loose strand of dirty blonde hair behind Dream's ear. "This man is interested in you, puppy."

Dream's head turned towards the man, still grinning widely: "Oh is that so?"

The mobster seemed to be relieved at Dream's obvious readiness, breathing a subdued: "Sure thing."

Dream only grinned wider, swinging himself over the couch, sitting down on the table so his legs brushed the man's knees.

Techno leaned back and enjoyed the show as Dream slowly slid forwards until his knees were on either side of the man's legs. His hands teasingly trailed down the man's clothed chest, and the man responded by gripping Dream's waist tightly, dangerously close to his ass.

Dream started to grind on him, face showing lust and eagerness. Encouraged by his willingness, the man started grinding up into him as well, hands traveling lower to grip his ass through the skirt. Dream moaned and pulled his own skirt up so his thin green lingerie was exposed, giving the man the chance to feel the revealed skin.

Techno raised his brow, he hadn't thought the man was Dream's taste, not that he judged. Apart from gripping Dream's ass, there wasn't a lot of initiative or creativity from the man, and he knew what Dream was going for usually.

The man's hands wandered further over Dream's ass, finding the shape of the plug Techno had put there two hours ago.

"Want me to put my dick into that stretched hole of yours, puppy?", the mobster growled in what should probably be a sexy voice.

Dream smiled at him, his hands cupping the man's face. "Hm, I'd love to, but there's only one man who's allowed to call me puppy. And it ain't you, boy."

And with a loud *crack*, he snapped the man's neck.

A chuckle escaped Techno as Dream looked down at the corpse with something akin to disappointment.

"Come on, puppy, he really wasn't worth it. No amount of dick can cancel out that denseness."

Dream grimaced. "But he was big, I could feel it. Would have been a good fuck. Damn it, and he had to go and ruin it."

Techno huffed. "Ah c'mon, Dream, don't pout. I didn't want to ruin your mood, I'm sorry."

Dream looked back at him with cunning eyes, a barely concealed smirk on his face. "I mean, you could still make it up to me, honey."

Techno rolled his eyes, he knew exactly what the little shit was getting to. And yup, of course it was working, he could feel himself harden at the thought.

He reached over towards Dream, grabbing his choker to pull him over into his lap. Gripping his neck tightly, he hissed into Dream's ear: "You did in fact kill a potential business partner of mine. And that's not something good puppies do."

He relished in the choked little sound Dream made as Techno squeezed his throat while digging his knee into his crotch.

His lover had the audacity to grin when Techno pushed him off his lap, sending him almost toppling over the table. Then, he grabbed his choker once more, and went towards one of the more secluded areas at the back of the club, dragging his unruly puppy behind him.

As he glanced at the corpse behind them, he couldn't help but grin when he realized people still didn't seem to grasp a small but crucial fact:

Dream wasn't just Techno's puppy and the resident slut, he was also the deadliest assassin working for the Syndicate.

And most importantly, he was *Techno's*.

Chapter End Notes

This oneshot continues in the next chapter, featuring the punishment ;)

Technoblade/Dream: Suicide Squad Intro Part II: The Punishment

Chapter Summary

Prompt: Punishment

Pairing: Technoblade/Dream

Kinks/Warnings: Caning, Figging, Heavy Painplay, Blood, Oral Sex

Still, very much consensual, but pretty fucking far from sane or safe.

Technoblade punishes Dream for ruining his business deal earlier, and they are both into heavy pain(play).

Chapter Notes

It should be obvious, but this is not even remotely good BDSM etiquette at all. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Techno's lips curled into a foreboding smirk as he stepped around Dream's tied up form. His puppy was standing in the middle of the room. His wrists were chained behind his back and connected to the ceiling, forcing him to bend over so as not to dislocate his shoulders.

His exposed ass and thighs were already sporting deep red welts, courtesy of the wooden cane dangling from Techno's grip. Dream's cheeks were flushed with red, mouth curled into a wide grin from the high of pain he had just received.

But Techno was in no way done yet.

He grabbed the carved ginger root from his table of tools, approaching the puppy's still plugged ass. Without fanfare, he pulled the medium-sized plug out, drawing a small moan from the assassin's mouth as his hole was left empty and gaping.

With a sadistic grin, he lined up the ginger root.

Techno had never been a man of many words, and the only reason Dream was currently not gagged was because he wanted to hear the masochist's noises. The assassin knew better than to speak during a punishment, so him forcing the root into Dream's ass was a quiet affair, apart from the small groan Dream made when Techno set his bodyweight behind the effort of shoving the root in.

Finally, the makeshift plug sunk into the assassin's hole. Techno stepped back with a satisfied smirk, next grabbing two of his harshest nipple clamps from the table.

Dream tried to steal a small kiss when Techno leaned down to apply the clamps. A loud *smack* echoed through the room when he slapped his puppy hard enough to have his head flying to the side.

"Oh no you don't, brat. Another stunt like this, and you get the vibrator up your ass and the penis

gag down your throat for the next two nights. Let's see how desperately ya need your beauty sleep."

Dream spit out a clot of blood (idiot must have bitten his tongue) and opened his mouth to retort, but a raised eyebrow from Techno caused him to close his mouth again, lips now set in a pouting thin line.

Techno ignored the puppy's antics, and finally went for the clamps. Bending down, he noticed that the slut was, of course, rock hard. With more force than strictly necessary, he grabbed the assassin's nipples, harshly rubbing them to hardness before applying the clamps, drawing two strangled gasps from the puppy's mouth as they crushed his sensitive skin.

At this point, Dream had started to shift and groan, twisting his hips here and there. At first, Techno thought he wanted to get off, given the swollen state of his dick, but then he remembered the ginger root which by now had apparently started taking effect.

"Feel the burn, yet, huh?", he teased, "didn't you want ya ass filled so desperately? Look how good I'm takin' care of you."

Dream just glared at him in response, fully aware that any further remarks on his side would result in punishment not even he would find arousing anymore.

Techno enjoyed him shifting and twitching a few minutes more, but soon, he became impatient. He didn't just want Dream groaning and wiggling around, he wanted him screaming and crying, painted with welts and blood.

Without giving the assassin any time to prepare, he let the cane come down hard on the back of his left thigh. Dream squeaked more in surprise than pain, biting his lip when the cane landed on his skin again, this time on his right thigh.

The masochist managed to suppress his cries for the next few swings, each one landing hard on his skin, leaving burning red welts behind. Techno alternated between both thighs, unable to contain his grin when a particular nasty blow drew a choked cry from the assassin. At that, he upped his game.

Before, he had just been warming up, both himself and his puppy, but now he let the strikes come down in earnest. Putting his body weight behind each swing, the cane soon began to draw blood. Dream was unable to contain his screams anymore, and each one went straight to Techno's dick.

They continued like this, Techno leaving bloody marks on Dream's thighs, the assassin soon shaking and hiccuping in his bonds. Occasionally, Techno would stroke the masochist's bloody thighs, the painful but caressing gesture drawing soft purrs from Dream's abused throat. Unsurprisingly, the blonde was as hard as Techno, precum dripping down his straining dick.

After another ten strokes Dream's thighs shook so badly Techno feared he might dislocate his shoulders with his legs unable to hold the weight of his body. He quickly checked in with Dream, snorting when the little fuck *grinned* at him with tears and snot running down his face, lips long since bitten bloody.

"Seems you're ready to go another round, pup. How about we give that slutty ass of yours some attention?" In response, Dream tried to wiggle said ass, cut short though by a groan of pain.

Techno shook his head, chucking. "Don't complain when you dislocate your shoulders, you brought this onto yourself."

Stepping behind him, Techno gave Dream time to prepare for the first blow, watching in amusement when Dream tried desperately to relax his muscles despite the agony he must be in, knowing fully well it would hurt more with clenched muscles.

He waited until Dream let down his guard before he swung down with all his force, right across both cheeks. Dream *howled* in pain, forgetting to breathe for several moments. It was so hot Techno felt precum staining his pants. He gave the assassin time to catch his breath before letting the cane come down again on the same spot, tearing another scream from Dream. The first blow had almost torn skin, but the second one had blood trickling down Dream's tanned skin.

Techno continued without mercy, laying bloody strikes criss-crossing over Dream's now swollen cheeks. The blood ran past the plug still buried deep in his ass, staining the ginger a pale red. The assassin's screams were frantic and hoarse at this point, and he sobbed freely in between blows.

That was what pushed Techno to stop, finally, he couldn't keep wrecking the masochist with the cane alone, his dick felt as if it was bursting through his pants. Not really in the mood to deal with the burning sensation of the ginger residue probably still in Dream, even if he removed the plug, he stepped to the front of him.

Dream hung limply in his bonds, sobbing and hiccuping, head hung low with tears and saliva dripping onto the ground. He gasped when Techno grabbed a handful of his sweat-drenched locks, forcing his head up.

The assassin's eyes were glazed over and half-lidded, but some form of instinct seemed to remain as he opened his mouth obediently when Techno's dick demanded entrance. Techno didn't expect Dream to be coherent enough to do a lot of work here, so he just shoved himself into the assassin, ignoring his gagging.

With a grunt, he began thrusting into the other's throat, noting with amusement Dream's stuttering once he repeatedly slammed into him, crying out around Techno's cock as he came untouched.

Techno fucked his mouth through his orgasm, and it didn't take long for him to come as well, burying himself deep inside his throat as pure bliss surged through him.

He pulled out with a satisfied sigh, his cum and more saliva dripping onto the floor when Dream's head flopped down once more, completely spent.

Techno grinned, there goes another reason for him to punish Dream. He would have to remind the assassin later that not swallowing was not an option.

But for now, he had to get his puppy out of the restraints and then a hot bath.

Chapter End Notes

Two uploads in a day??

Guess who procrastinates her Thesis by writing Minecraft RP smut? Yep, this one. Fuck, I still have sooo many prompts zooming around my head, but you guys seemed to enjoy dnb, so ... here's that lil' treat.

Hope you enjoyed, I'm just such a sucker for bratty masochistic Dream ;)

As always, love to hear your feedback <3

Manhunt Crew/Dream: Pirate Captain Dream gets gangbanged

Chapter Summary

Prompt: Gangbang (duh)

Pairing: Manhunt Crew/Dream

Kinks/Warnings: Dubcon, Gangbang, Spitroasting, Bit of Bondage

The crew of the Manhunt are less than happy with their Captain lately. They decide to show Dream his place, and what better punishment is there than public service.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“No, Dream, this is too much, we won’t let you drag us into another stunt like last time!”, Sapnap growled, the whole crew nodding in agreement behind him.

“But I am the Cap-”, Dream couldn’t finish before George hissed: “I think you need a lesson in respect, Captain Dream.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

Before Dream could even react, Sapnap and Punz had both grabbed one of his arms, twisting them viciously behind his back, while George produced a handkerchief from his pocket.

“What the fuck, let me go you stupid- mmph!”

“That should shut him up”, George mused as he pushed the handkerchief further into Dream’s mouth, securing it with a rope wound tightly around the trashing Captain’s head.

“Yeah, the stupid bitch really did enough talking, thinking he could convince us to risk our lives for another of his foolish plans that would suuuurely not go wrong”, Sapnap huffed.

“Let’s get him to the deck”, George grinned, anticipation painting his usually collected features.

Dream sent a last pleading look to Bad, hoping to at least receive some understanding from the kind demon. But said demon only shook his head in a “it’s what’s best for you” - manner and sent him an encouraging smile.

Then, Punz and Sapnap wrenched Dream around and dragged him outside the Captain’s quarters onto the deck, ignoring his muffled protests.

He squinted his eyes against the bright sunlight, seething at the expectant looks on the rest of the crew who had remained outside. Those fuckers had planned this beforehand.

Dream renewed his trashing once he caught sight of the small barrel placed square in the middle of the deck, not that it did him any good. With the help of Sam and Ant, he was placed on the barrel, his stomach flush to the wood.

His arms were unceremoniously held down and tied to the underside of the barrel. His legs

required a bit more force, but eventually he was standing bent over the barrel, ankles and legs secured to the weighted barrel, arms tied down in front of him, completely helpless.

Then, his pants were pulled down, followed by his briefs, leaving him exposed against the cool breeze.

He struggled against the ropes once more, knowing of what was to follow, but the ropes held tight and all he managed was to wriggle in his bonds, undignified squeaks escaping through his muffled mouth.

George- of course it was George- spoke up: "As punishment for your reckless and egoistic actions as Captain these few weeks, we, as the crew, sentence you to public service for as long as we deem necessary, until you show remorse."

"And until we're fucking satisfied!", Sapnap shouted, and the whole crew hollered with glee, "now let's get on with it, boys, we got a bitch to fuck!"

George huffed at the wolfish display, but Dream could see a smile dance around his lips.

He heard the sound of shuffling behind him, and wasn't surprised when a calloused hand grabbed his locks. Wrenching his head back, Sapnap growled into his ear: "You almost fucked us over these last days, Dream, and I won't stand for your arrogance any longer. Time I fucking put you in your place, you piece of shit."

Without any warning, he jammed a thick, oil-slicked finger into Dream's unprepared hole. The Captain cried out with more surprise than anything else, muffled by the gag, but Sapnap didn't give him any time to adjust before wriggling around, and seconds later, forcing in another finger.

The first mate scissored Dream open mercilessly while the crew cheered to the Captain's muffled groans.

Far too soon, he pulled out, and Dream's eyes widened in horror, knowing what was to come. Sure enough, a blunt force pressed against his hole.

"C'mon Sap, don't make him wait", George sneered, and Sapnap, the idiot, pushed in.

Dream roared as the thick cock split his walls, thrashing wildly against the tight bonds. Sapnap hadn't even managed to push in fully, the Captain still being too tight for that, but he certainly tried.

Each thrust tore a pained groan from Dream's throat, as the first mate buried himself deeper and deeper in his Captain. Sapnap wasn't even that long, but made it up more than enough in thickness, definitely *not* being the first cock he wanted in his barely prepared hole.

Finally, he could feel Sapnap's balls against his cheeks. He couldn't do anything more than take it when Sapnap grabbed his hips in a bruising grip and began thrusting properly. Each move rocked the barrel Dream was tied to, and punched a grunt from his lungs.

Inconsiderate and fiery as always, Sapnap barely managed to more than brush his prostate, so that Dream's semi-hard cock, trapped against the barrel, didn't manage to get much further than that.

"Fuck, Dream, you're such a - urgh - good fuck, we should do this - fuck - more often", Sapnap growled as he slammed into Dream, "you're much better as a cocksleeve than as Captain."

Dream could only snarl in response, feeling his own cock growing harder at the pounding Sapnap

subjected him to, entirely uncaring of the Captain's pleasure.

The first mate's grip around his hips grew tighter as his moves became harsher and more uncoordinated. Dream lurched forwards on the barrel as Sapnap slammed into him once more, hips stuttering, and then Dream could feel his hotter-than-average cum paint his insides.

Sapnap leaned over Dream, panting in his ear. "Such a good fuck... You were born ... to take my cock, bitch."

Dream growled, struggling in his bonds. Sapnap huffed: "Ah, don't pretend you don't like being my bitch, I bet that cock is rock hard under you."

It would be even harder if you hit my fucking prostate for once, egoistic piece of shit, Dream wanted to shout.

With a sigh, Sapnap pushed back up and pulled out of Dream with a lewd squelching sound. "Look at you, bitch, already fucking loose just from my cock. The others wanna enjoy you too!"

He slapped Dream's cheeks as if presenting merchandise, and turned to the eager crew: "Alright, boys, he's all yours. Who wants to go next?"

"I do."

Punz.

Dream once more couldn't do much more than protest through the gag and wriggle as Punz presumably lined up behind him. He felt two calloused hands on his cheeks, spreading them apart, before the mercenary fuck pushed in in one go.

Dream grit his teeth as Punz bottomed out, staying there with a content sigh. He was longer than Sapnap, and reached depths of Dream previously untouched. Thankfully, though, he wasn't as thick, and the stretch was barely any pain and far more pleasure.

Suddenly, soft but strong fingers grabbed his locks, and he was forced to lift his head to look in the face of a smirking George. Oh shit.

"Thought you could forget about me, huh?", the quartermaster purred.

Dream only narrowed his eyes, barely registering Punz having started to move behind him leisurely, clearly anticipating the show George would give.

"C'mon, puppy, would be a shame to let your mouth go to waste, wouldn't it?" George grinned, one hand still holding his hair, the other moving to untie the rope holding the handkerchief in place.

Once the rope came off, Dream spit out the thin piece of fabric, furious: "How dare you, you ungrateful bunch of-" George slapped him, hard. Then, when he opened his mouth once more, he slapped him again, so hard that Dream's head rang.

"If you think I ungagged you to let you mouth off, you are sorely mistaken, mutt", George hissed.

Dream opened his mouth to retort, but Punz chose this moment to ram his dick directly into Dream's prostate, so all that came out was a moan, causing his crew to erupt in cheers and their Captain to close his mouth in shame.

Punz wasn't finished however, and continued pistoning in and out of Dream, each time absolutely nailing his prostate, and he couldn't suppress small whimpers bordering on moans escaping his now ungagged mouth.

George had in the meantime freed his half-hard cock, and now chuckled: "As much as I enjoy the cute little sounds, pup, your mouth isn't there to make any more sounds, you got better uses for that hole of yours."

With that, he guided the tip of his cock to the Captain's mouth. Dream pressed his lips tightly together, unwilling to lose even more of his dignity in front of his crew.

George rolled his eyes. "Punz?"

Dream had only a second of time to tense before Punz' open palm came down hard on his ass, tearing a scream from his throat. A scream that George used to force the tip of his dick into Dream's mouth.

"I swear to Prime, Dream, if you bite me, I will flay your balls open", George growled.

Dream reluctantly relaxed his mouth as George pushed in further, burying maybe half of his cock inside before he reached Dream's throat. Because that was the thing, while George wasn't thick in any way, he was wickedly long, and he could reach very very far down Dream's throat, the Captain knew that from experience.

Dream couldn't suppress a small gag once George began to press into his throat, the force with which Punz slammed into him not exactly easing the process. George forced himself deeper and instinct took over, causing Dream to heave and try to somehow twist his head away.

But George only gripped his hair tighter, forcing his dick into him inch by steady inch. Tears began to run down Dream's face, and he felt the knot in his stomach tighten. Suddenly, his nose came flush to George's stomach, soft fuzz tickling him, and he felt the pleasure of an orgasm surge through him when Punz slammed into his prostate once more.

It was heavenly, Punz fucked him through his orgasm, and despite his still revolting throat, George had started to slowly move back and forth, using his mouth as nothing more than a hole to fuck. That's how it was supposed to be.

Far too soon, though, his body came down from his high, and the pleasure from Punz pistoning in and out of him turned to uncomfortableness and then almost painful oversensitivity. He heard George chuckle once Dream started to squirm, and he felt Punz somehow speeding up once more.

George had resorted to shallowly fucking Dream's mouth, only occasionally brushing his throat. In contrast, Punz drilled into him like there was no tomorrow, even rocking the barrel a few times. Dream felt the grip on his hips grow even tighter as Punz came to a stuttering stop deep inside him, adding his load to Sappnap's.

Once Punz had pulled out with a wet squelch, another dick soon entered his used hole. Dream couldn't figure out who it was, not that it mattered. George used that moment to get back to fucking his mouth in earnest.

Each thrust of his hips brought his cock deep down Dream's throat, uncaring of the gagging and choking sounds the Captain made. Dream barely had time to gulp in some air in between George's harsh thrusts.

He felt his own cock begin to harden once more as he was pounded mercilessly from both sides,

his stomach scraping over the rough barrel as he was rocked back and forth in between the two dicks.

George panted a subdued: “That’s a -hrgh- good boy”, and Dream could only moan around his dick, tears running down his face. The grip in his hair turned painful as George forced himself deep inside Dream, hips twitching as he came down his Captain’s throat.

With a content sigh, he pulled out, saliva and hints of cum dripping out of Dream’s mouth, tongue almost lolling out as the Captain felt himself get lost in the haze that was George using him.

“Well, I’m done, boys, who wants next?”, George grinned.

Dream let his head fall down in resignation, the unknown crew member still fucking his ass at an unrelenting pace.

It was going to be a long day.

Chapter End Notes

Eeeey, I'm back, bitches!

The last few months have been absolutely wild (finished my Bachelor's, caught Covid a second time, successfully aquired a boyfriend, life's looking good ;P)

Hope you enjoyed this lil' snippet, I definitely plan to update a tad more regularly now that college is over.

Take care, and as always:

If you liked it, comments and kudos are very much appreciated ;)

Dream/Technoblade: Alpha Dream lets Alpha Techno fuck him during his rut

Chapter Summary

Prompt Idea by Pink Anon

Pairing: Dream/Technoblade

Kinks/Warnings: A/B/O dynamics, Con to Dub/Non-Con, Knotting, Choking, Biting, Rough Sex

College AU:

Alpha Dream walks in on Alpha Techno during the latter's rut and lets Techno fuck him in exchange for a favor

Chapter Notes

First prompt, let's goooo

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream sighed in relief as he finally hit send.

Writing the essay had taken an all-nighter and enough energy drinks to fuel a mammoth, but it was done now.

He cracked his neck and shoulders and got up from his chair in what felt for the first time in days. With a content sigh, he left the room, deciding to annoy his roommate, whom he hadn't seen all day.

Now it wasn't unusual for the hardcore introvert to spend hours locked inside his room, but normally he at least left it to get something to eat, something he hadn't done yet, and it was already dark outside.

Techno's door was closed, not that Dream cared as he swung the thing open hard enough for it to bang against the thin wall.

"Guess who just sent his last essay for this we-"

Dream froze, mouth agape, as he stared at Techno, who was now rushing to his feet from where he had been sitting on the bed, pants halfway down and furiously jerking off.

"Uh, I .. just wanted to - uhm," Dream stuttered, almost turning to leave the room when he noticed the state Techno was in. He was drenched in sweat, pink hair sticking to his forehead, panting like he had just ran a marathon, unable to utter a single word as his one hand still twitched on his cock.

Dream gasped in astonishment: "Wait, are you in your rut? How? Don't you take suppressants?"

"I ... forgot," Techno growled in between clenched teeth.

Then he cursed as his hand seemed to develop a life of its own, continuing to stroke his rock-hard, and honestly impressively big cock.

“Seems like it isn’t really working,” Dream laughed. “Should be a bit more social, Mr. Introvert, then you might have a cute omega that actually let you knot them.”

“Well I DON’T! Have an omega,” Techno snarled, desperation creeping into his angry tone.

Dream stopped at that, gaze turning calculating. “Hm, guess who would be available in theory?”

Techno stared at him like he grew horns: “What? Hate to break it to ya, but you aren’t exactly an omega.”

“True, but in exchange for ... let’s say a favor, a hefty favor, I might be willing to help you out regardless.”

Techno seemed ready to haggle, but another shudder went through his body, desperation now evident on his face as his body clearly felt the need to mate.

“Okay, fine, I owe ya a favor, get over here like right now!”

Dream grinned at Techno’s cooperativeness. “Calm down, Techno, let me get some lube first.” And with that he went to his own room, grabbing the lube from his nightstand, thinking about all the college work he could have Techno do with that favor.

Once he came back to Techno’s room, he didn’t even manage to get through the door before Techno had already seized him. They didn’t even make it fully onto the bed, Techno just opting to bend Dream over the edge of the bed before he ripped his pants and boxers down.

Dream felt something blunt press against his cheeks and shouted: “Techno, use the lube, for fuck’s sake, I don’t produce slick!” When Techno didn’t seem to react, he turned around, smearing some lube on his own fingers and hapardazly on Techno’s cock. His roommate just blankly stared at him, clearly too out of it for basic anatomy and decency.

Dream barely had time to get some lube onto his hole before Techno grabbed him and turned him back around, one hand on his back, one on his hips as he lined himself up again.

“Techno, I’m not a fucking omega, you have to prep me first - argh!” Techno, apparently, didn’t care. He started to press in.

The uncomfortableness of the stretch soon turned to pain and Dream pushed up his upper body, twisting to dislodge Techno’s fucking monster of a cock from his unprepared hole. Before he could do anything, though, he felt two hands grab his arms and with a dull *thump* he flopped back down onto the mattress.

“Let me go, you horny piece of shit!”, Dream shrieked, but Techno once more didn’t care, holding Dream’s arms down as he pressed further in. Despite the lube easing the process, it still *hurt*, Dream’s alpha anatomy not meant to be breached this way.

Technhno pressed on and on without mercy, ignoring Dream’s curses and pleas. After half an eternity, Dream finally felt him bottom out. He breathed in deeply to get used to the size. Before he could get used to anything, though, Techno pulled slightly back out, only to slam back in.

“Fuck, Techno, give me a second here!”

Techno just slammed into him again, now fucking in and out of him at a steady pace. Dream couldn't do a lot more than try to accomodate with his arms still held down by his roommate.

Techhno was past the point of no return, it seemed, as he just blindly pistoned in and out of Dream, clearly chasing his own relief. Dream felt Techno's cock thicken, and a wave of dread coursed through him. Despite that, he was decisively *not* gonna let Techno knot him like an omega, he had *some* pride left.

"Techno, urgh, that's enough, the rest I can do with my hands and mouth, let me just-" Techno only slammed into him harder in response.

"What the fuck, Techno!", Dream borderline-screamed as he trashed against his roommate's hold, "get the fuck outta me!"

Techno's grip on his arms turned bruising as he held Dream down, knot swelling inside the wet hole, his body entirely uncaring about whose hole it was.

"Techno, fucking, get OUT! It's getting too big, we'll be locked, you fucking-" Dream's protests were cut short by Techno grabbing him around the neck, effectively cutting off his airway. He slammed his swollen cock into him one last time, the thick knot barely fitting. They were locked now, Dream realized with horror as he trashed against Techno's hold on his neck, his one now freed arm helping relatively less in the position he was in.

Techno didn't seem to care about Dream's concerns of dignity or his lack of air as he shallowly thrust into Dream with panting breaths, knot swelling impossibly further, stretching Dream's walls to dimensions he had previously thought impossible. He began to see stars in front of his eyes, both from the overwhelming sensation and Techno choking him.

When the edges of his vision turned black, Techno finally let go of his neck, grabbing Dream's hair to push him further into the mattress. Dream took in gulping breaths, focused on fucking surviving more than Techno's thrusts turning erratic.

Before Dream could get his bearings back fully, Techno wrenched his head back by the hair, leaning closer. With a possessive growl, he sunk his teeth into Dream's neck just as he came deep inside him. Dream yelled in more surprise and overwhelmingness than pain as Techno tried to claim him, pumping load after load of semen into his guts and doing this mock of a mating bite.

"Techno, what the actual FUCK are you doing?"

His roommate just growled possessively as he shallowly kept rocking his hips, semen still pumping into Dream, clearly still out of it.

"I swear to God, Techno, I'll fucking *murder* you!"

Chapter End Notes

Okay so the response to the prompt form legit blew me away.

Guys! I have over 40 prompts now, how shall I ever write that???

I will definitely not be able to keep up with this.

I debated closing the prompts, but there were so many good and really fucking creative

ideas, and I want more ;)

So, I will not be able to write every single prompt you send my way, so sorry for that.

If you added contact info and I won't write your prompt, I will tell you and not just ignore, though.

Sorry for that, and thank you so much for all the amazing prompts so far, you guys are *nasty* and I love it!

As always, thank you so much for reading and interacting, and thanks to Pink Anon for the prompt idea! <3

Here's the form once more, if you got any more ideas ;)

https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSfyOFi6hNuydnDXQg5yr2qr5CnUPIWQyQpmcOjN2usp=sf_link

DreamXD/Dream: XD fucks Dream in his sleep in Prison

Chapter Summary

Prompt Idea by Anonymus

Pairing: DreamXD/Dream

Kinks/Warnings: Somnophilia, (Unrealistic) Size Difference, Cum Inflation, Non-Con

XD visits Dream every night in prison when he is asleep, sating his desires with the mortal who shares his face.

Chapter Notes

Halfway through writing this, I realized I completely misunderstood the prompt, Anon, I hope you enjoy it nonetheless!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

XD enjoyed the days with George, he really did. While the man might be more than a bit whiny occasionally, he was also very fun to be around. He didn't really care that XD was a God and literally had the power to smite him with a single thought if he wanted to, no, he was constantly teasing and insulting him.

And yet, during the nights, or during the day, whenever the Mushroom King went to sleep, XD searched for a ... different kind of fun. As different as he was from the mortals of the server, he shared the same bodily cravings as every creature.

And what better tool to use than the one human whose face he shared? With a single thought, XD teleported to the place of his desire. He would like to pretend visiting the cramped obsidian place was little more than a pastime, but he had been visiting its single inhabitant every night ever since the man had been locked in there.

At first it had just been a stupid idea, a literal way to fill the time. But even Gods can grow addicted, it seemed, and XD felt the familiar feeling of anticipation and lust curl in where a human's stomach would be as he looked around the cell to the lump on the floor that was the sleeping human's form.

In a way it was a mutually beneficial agreement, even, XD argued, not that the man knew of what happened every time he went to sleep. XD always ensured the human was sleeping as deep a slumber as only a God could inflict, something the man didn't get this often here with all the torture. In short, XD didn't appreciate interruptions and humans were perfectly pliant while asleep.

He approached the sleeping man who was curled into himself in an almost fetal position. The duck-hybrid who was occasionally still here when XD came to sate his desires had been busy once more today, it seemed.

Generous clunks of hair had evidently been wrenched from the man's head along with the skin

beneath. Such a shame, XD mused, even though the hair had been greasy and dirty, he had enjoyed carding his fingers through it after enjoying the human.

Nonetheless, the warmth in his gut intensified and he felt his dick slowly grow harder as he turned the human to his side. With a hint of disgust at all the gore he grabbed at what remained of the hair to turn the man's head so he could see his face, the face that perfectly mirrored his.

Well, apart from the gnarly cuts and scars, the crooked nose, the broken and swollen cheekbones and the burns. Despite that, XD felt himself harden further at the sight of that face, his own beautiful face, that despite its mortal imperfection bore the closest resemblance to his own ethereal features.

Suddenly impatient, XD pulled down the human's torn pants and revealed his pale cheeks and tiny hole.

The man had lost some weight again, XD noted with discontent. The bones from his hips were protruding even more than usual, the soft roundness of his ass he had possessed the first few weeks in prison long gone.

There were more important body parts of the human, though, and with delight, XD saw that the tiny hole of the human was still unharmed and tight.

He pushed aside his robes to reveal his own length, as godly as the rest of his "body". He gripped the human's cheeks to push them apart and make space for his own cock, in no way inferior to a horse's when it came to size. It was human-shaped, though, and gently, XD pressed the tip of it to the man's tiny hole. The opening yielded as all mortal things must, the laws of physics irrelevant when faced with a godly cock.

He forced the tip in, actually enjoying the slight resistance of the walls more than unfit to fit a size even remotely close to his. Still, XD didn't want the man to tear, so he didn't, his skin stretching unnaturally around the too big intrusion. The hot heat swallowed XD inch by inch as the God slowly pushed inside the oblivious human.

He trained his gaze to the human's abdomen, as starved as the rest of his form, and so it only took a few moments until the outline of the God's cock was visible through the pale skin. XD enjoyed the sight as he pushed in further and further, until the outline of his cock was almost reaching the human's sternum and he felt himself bottom out. The restrictions of the mortal's body didn't matter to XD, and because he wanted his cock this deep inside the man, it was this deep, simple as that.

But XD was growing impatient once more, chasing the delicious feeling of lust that curled inside his godly abdomen. He started pumping in and out of Dream, pulling his cock about halfway out only to push back in with an almost human grunt.

It felt *good*, the feeling of his cock against the tight walls, the heat engulfing him, the friction of the movement. In moments like this the God almost understood the mortals' foolish pursuit of fleeting pleasures.

The man under him was as limp as ever as XD fucked him on the prison floor, movement growing faster and harsher. It felt as if XD punched into the human's lungs when he slammed deep into him again and again, the coil of pleasure in his stomach curling tighter and tighter.

With a low groan unfitting for a God, he slammed into the mortal once more time, burying himself deep inside the human as his orgasm washed over him like a tidal wave. He panted as he shallowly moved back and forth inside the man, riding out his orgasm as he pumped his cum into the unmoving body.

With ever renewed fascination, he watched the human's belly grow around his cock as the godly cum filled up every free crevice of his intestines and then some more. By the end, his waist was almost twice as big - not that it was hard with how starved he was.

With a content sigh, XD pulled out of the warm hole, cum flowing out the instant the God's cock was gone. XD gently pressed onto the swollen belly, smiling to himself as the cum spurted out of the used hole. It was absolutely wrecked, stretched far beyond its limit, now caved in at the lack of godly cock.

XD still thought of that lovely sight when he teleported out of the prison, leaving his toy until the next night, when he surely would grow wanton again.

Chapter End Notes

I'm not 100% sure on this one, just wanted to publish something again to show some life sign every once in a while ;)

I got the next prompt halfway written, though, and I can promise, it's gonna be a great one! For some reason it inspired me so much, and I am already way past the 1k word reference point I try to aim towards. So look forward to that one, I guess ;)

Sapnap/Dream: Sapnap assits Camboy Dream

Chapter Summary

Prompt Idea by Anonymus

Pairing: Dream/Sapnap

Kinks/Warnings: Con to Non-Con, Bondage, Spanking, Overstimulation, Multiple Orgasms

College AU:

Dream tells Sapnap to tie him up for a livestream and do whatever he wants to him.

Sapnap happily obliges, not really caring if Dream can take it or not.

Chapter Notes

I'm back, bitches, enjoy ;)

This must have been the best day of Sapnap's life. He had known that Dream earned some extra money with a ... naughty sidegig for quite some time, but he had never seen anything and of course hadn't participated in any venture of Dream's.

Last week, his friend had asked him to help him with a stream he had been planning, a bit shy almost, not that Sapnap had hesitated a second in saying yes.

So now Dream lay in front of him, naked save for the collar around his neck and the restraints holding him in place. He was laid on his back with his wrists secured to his ankles by soft leather cuffs. His legs were bent at the knees, rope keeping them in their bent position. In addition, the rope around his knees was tied off at either side of the bed he lay on, ensuring his legs were spread wide and remained that way.

His collar, a heavy looking leather thing, was attached to the headboard of the bed by a small chain, in combination with the rope around his knees, it made it impossible for Dream to move any more than wriggle a bit.

To top it all off, his friend had a large red ballgag in his mouth, the sheer size of the thing causing his lips to stretch obscenely around the ball, saliva already starting to gather in the corners of his mouth. In short, Dream was fully at Sapnap's mercy.

His green eyes were blown wide with anticipation, lust and a hint of fear as he stared up at Sapnap.

Sapnap basked in the surge of power it gave him, and slowly and theatrically adjusted the cameras currently livestreaming a helpless Dream to over a thousand viewers.

One was set up high, showing a bird's perspective of the tied-down boy and the other one was behind and slightly to the right of Sapnap, showing the interesting angle featuring Dream's half-hard cock and exposed ass.

Sapnap turned to his left where a whole barrage of toys and tools was lined up on a towel. He could barely decide what to use first, all of them perfect helpers to put the blonde in his place.

In the end, he decided to start simple.

He grabbed a medium-sized butt plug with a vibrating core and generously covered it and the tip of his fingers in lube. Then, he leaned over his helpless friend and showed him what he had picked: “You want this up your ass, huh?”

Dream nodded frantically, shifting in the restraints.

Sapnap grinned, shoving his lubed finger straight into Dream without warning.

The boy flinched and gasped in surprise, and Sapnap didn’t give him time to adjust before pressing a second finger in.

The groan coming from Dream sounded like the intrusion was bordering on painful, so Sapnap took his time fingering the blonde open. Dream moaned with each move, no doubt overplaying it for the cameras, though Sapnap noticed his dick had ever so slightly grown harder.

When he could comfortably twist his two fingers inside Dream, he deemed him ready and withdrew.

Dream, the slut, actually whined at the loss. His eyes widened, however, when Sapnap pressed the lubed tip of the plug to his hole.

Again he wasted no time, slowly starting to push the toy in. Dream shifted and grimaced, but Sapnap pressed on mercilessly. It took a bit of force to get it into Dream’s still relatively tight hole, but once the thick part was in, the rest was a walk in the park.

“Damn, Dream, your hole is really sucking it in. Just how desperately do you need cock??”, Sapnap chuckled as he wiggled the toy inside Dream.

Dream whined and actually tried to push himself further onto the plug once it was in fully.

“That’s as far as it goes, you desperate whore!”, Sapnap laughed, “but I got something even better.”

And with that, he turned the plug on. Dream actually moaned through the gag, immediately moving to shift the plug inside him, presumably to get it into a better position to touch his prostate. To now avail, obviously, given his tight restraints.

Despite that, his dick grew harder while he writhed on the bed, and Sapnap had to pull himself out of his stupor of watching the infinitely hot display to grab another tool from the towel.

“I’m by far not done yet, Dreamie-boy”, he said as he slipped a tight cockring over the boy’s cock. Well, slipped was the wrong word, really, Dream was hard and the ring was incredibly tight, cruelly squeezing Dream’s dick once Sapnap had wrangled it down to where it almost touched his balls.

"A bit of patience here buddy, don't want you to cum this soon already", Sapnap laughed as he leaned towards the towel once more to grab another set of tools.

He turned back towards Dream and demonstratively dangled the nipple clamps he had retrieved in front of his friend's face.

"Heard you were a pain slut, Dreamie-boy. Let's see if that's true, shall we?"

Dream's eyes widened as Sapnap tightened the little bolt adjusting the clamp's harshness. He didn't want this to be for show, he wanted it to *hurt*.

With that, he took Dream's left nipple in between his index finger and thumb, rubbing it slowly.

Dream let out a subdued moan at the action, head falling back onto the mattress.

Sapnap smiled to himself, pinching the nipple a little harder and then applying the clamp. Dream hissed in pain as the harsh metal bit into the soft flesh, unconsciously shifting on the bed. Sapnap repeated the action on the other nipple before leaning back again, regarding the boy in front of him with content.

Tied up, gagged, clamped and helpless, and judging by the state of his trapped dick, more than a little aroused, his friend lay before him. Now the fun could really begin.

Sapnap lightly flicked the cock ring, earning another little moan from Dream.

"If you're gonna continue like that, you're gonna bend the ring, you slut. Like those clamps, huh?", he teased, "you wanna cum so badly? Let me help you."

And with that, he pulled out the vibrating plug from earlier. It came loose with a lewd squelch, lube glistening on the tool. Dream's hole fluttered from the loss and he subconsciously chased the plug from where Sapnap had pulled it out, barely gaining two inches of movement before his restraints stopped him.

"Don't worry," Sapnap laughed, "imma stuff your hole soon enough again."

He turned back to the tool blanket, dropping off the used plug. "Let's see what we have here..."

His sight landed on a rather ridiculous-looking dildo, a rather big one in rainbow colors and with a cable for a vibrator sticking out at the bottom.

"I think I got just the right thing for you, Dreamie," he grinned as he lubed up the dildo.

Dream strained against the ropes to see, but Sapnap purposefully held the toy out of Dream's view as he prepared it.

Then, when he deemed the dildo lubed up enough, he turned back towards his tied down friend, armed with the rainbow dildo. He lightly touched Dream's fluttering rim with the tip, and before his friend could prepare, he pushed the first two inches in.

Dream moaned through the gag, head thrown back probably half for show and half to savor the feeling. That bitch still thought about exaggerating his movement for the audience. Well, Sapnap would make sure there would be no brain capacity left for that.

Slowly but firmly, he began pushing in the dildo. Now the thing was, while the plug was wide, it wasn't very long. So the first few inches of the dildo went in without issue. But around halfway in, Sapnap felt resistance as he pressed against the dildo.

Not that he cared, though, as he pushed past the resistance mercilessly. Dream's gaze whipped towards him and for the first time Sapnap saw real hesitance in those eyes with a silent plea to slow down. Good, now he had Dream's attention.

Staring him straight in the eyes, Sapnap continued forcing the dildo in without hesitance. Dream shook his head and pain shone in his eyes.

The stretch wasn't dangerous or anywhere close to risk tearing, but certainly painful, and that was just how Sapnap intended it to be.

Finally, the dildo was all the way in, only the flat rainbow-colored bottom sticking out.

"Ah, quit whining, we all know you're a painslut, Dreamie," he giggled halfway to the camera, and then he turned the vibrator in the dildo on.

Dream let out a surprised half-shout as the painful stretch was overridden by an onslaught of pleasure as the sizable dildo no doubt brushed his prostate.

He gasped and shifted on the bed as the dildo assaulted his prostate, and Sapnap drank in the sight for a moment before turning back towards the tool towel. He grabbed a simple broad riding crop, the thought of using it making his own pants tighter. He ignored that, though, and turned his attention back to Dream.

His friend had apparently very much forgotten the lingering pain of the stretch as he arched his back the best he could in his restraints to get the dildo in just the perfect position. His cock was rock-hard and leaking precum, looking almost painfully dark and ready to burst. But the cockring prevented any and all release.

"You wanna come, Dreamie, huh?", Sapnap purred. Dream nodded furiously.

"Are you sure you wanna be this greedy?", he asked. Again Dream responded with enthusiastic nodding.

"Okay then, but don't complain later when it gets too much."

He poured some lube over Dream's swollen dick and then, with some effort, pulled off the cock ring.

Still Dream writhed on the bed, cock only the fraction of a step away from releasing all that pressure.

Sapnap rolled his eyes in affection and decided to help him. Two quick strokes from his hand were enough to send Dream over the edge and he came with a muffled shout. Sapnap stroked him through his orgasm as he painted his own stomach in small strings of white.

Soon enough, though, the sound of ecstasy turned to ones of overstimulation. Sapnap let go of Dream's dick, but the vibrating dildo still buried deep inside his friend knew no such mercy. Dream whined and shifted, this time to escape the intrusion assaulting his sensitive prostate.

Silently, Sapnap lifted the riding crop he had retrieved earlier, lightly stroking it over Dream's exposed ass.

Dream flinched lightly, once more straining his neck to see what was going on. This time, Sapnap let him see the raised crop. "You want me to distract you from the overstimulation?"

Before Dream could even think of a response, Sapnap let the crop down on his left cheek, earning a surprised little shout from his friend.

He continued laying into Dream with the riding crop while the dildo worked him slowly back to full hardness. Dream alternated between sounds of pleasure and pain whenever the crop came down.

His cheeks barely have had time to become properly pink from the riding crop before Dream was already rock-hard again. He continued struggling again, desperate to get some relief from the aching hardness the vibrating dildo forced him to.

This time though, Sapnap didn't help out with his hand. "C'mon Dreamie, I know you can do this, you can come without my help."

Dream groaned in frustration, aching his back off the bed, ropes digging into his skin. Sapnap continued to hit his cheeks with the riding crop, harder this time, and with a shout, Dream came untouched. His dick twitched as he painted himself once more, shaking through the intensity.

Sapnap waited with a devious smile on his lips until he came down from his orgasm and began to whimper at the overstimulation of the dildo still buzzing away deep in his ass. The smile turned to a grin as he reached over towards the towel of tools, set back the riding crop and grabbed a small bullet vibrator and some tape.

"You wanted to come, right? Well, since you were a greedy slut, you better deal with what I choose to give you", Sapnap sneered as he grabbed Dream's still flaccid dick and taped the vibrator to the underside, barely underneath the tip.

"Now take it and be grateful I let you come."

Dream's eyes went wide as Sapnap turned the vibrator on. The continued assault of his prostate and now his dick in his sensitive post-orgasm state was too much. He shook his head wildly, signaling Sapnap with his eyes that this was too much for real, he couldn't take it.

Sapnap ignored his signaling, though, looking him straight in the eyes as he turned both the bullet vibrator and then the dildo up to their highest settings.

He watched in glee as Dream began to really struggle in his bonds, the ropes digging into his skin as he barely managed to move a few inches. Tears began to gather in his eyes as he realized that Sapnap wouldn't help him, he was completely at his friend's mercy.

Sapnap continued watching Dream as the painful overstimulation slowly turned once more to unwelcomed arousal, Dream's body betraying him as his dick grew hard again and he started to rut into the empty air. This time, the orgasm seemed to be almost laborious, tearing a muffled shout from Dream's gagged mouth. There was barely any come this time, Dream's balls having been milked empty.

Sapnap ignored his muffled pleading as he let the vibrators force his friend to another orgasm.

And another.

And, after almost 15 minutes, another.

From then on, Dream was apparently physically unable to come again, overstimulated to hell and back.

As Sapnap looked onto his friend, tears tracks down his face mixing with the saliva from the gag and the snot from when he started sobbing after the third orgasm. His nipples looked to be almost turning blue from the vicious grip of the clamps. There was raw, bruised skin where he had desperately struggled against the ropes. The vibrating dildo was still buried in his gaping ass, the bullet vibrator buzzing on his almost flaccid cock.

In contrast, Sapnap had never been so hard.

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